



King *ARTHUR*;

O R;

MERLIN,

T H E

BRITISH Inchanter.

A

Dramatic *OPERA*,

As it is performed at the

T H E A T R E

I N

GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

The *MUSICK* by Mr. *PURCELL*.



L O N D O N :

Printed by *R. WALKER*, next the *White-Horse-Inn, Fleet-street*.

MDCCXXXVI.

PROLOGUE.

By Mr. Dryden. Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

SURE there's a Dearth of Wit in this dull Town,
When silly Plays so favourily go down :
As when Clipp'd Money passes, 'tis a sign
A Nation is not over-stock'd with Coin.
Happy is he, who in his own Defence,
Can write just level to your humble Sense ;
Who higher than your Pitch can never go :
And doubtless, he must creep who writes below.
So have I seen in Hall of Knight, or Lord,
A weak Arm throw on a long Shovel-Board,
He barely lays his Piece, bar Rubs and Knocks,
Secur'd by Weakness not to reach the Box.
A Feeble Poet will his Bus'ness do ;
Who straining all he can, comes up to you :
For if you like your Selves, you like Him too.
An Ape his own dear Image will embrace ;
An ugly Beau adores a Hatchet Face :
So Some of you, on pure Instinct of Nature,
Are led, by Kind, t'admire your Fellow Creature.
In Fear of which, our House has sent this Day,
T'insure our New-built-Vessel, call'd a Play.
No sooner nam'd, than one crys out, These Stagers
Come in good Time, to make more Work for Wagers.
The Town divides, if it will take or no,
The Courtiers bet, the Cits, the Merchants too ;
A Sign they have little but else to do.
Betts, at the first, were Fool-Traps ; where the Wise,
Like Spiders, lay in Ambush for the Flies ;
But now they're grown a common Trade for all,
And Actions, by the News-Book, Rise and Fall,
Wits, Cheats, and Fops, are free of Wager-Hall.
One Policy, as far as Lyons carries ;
Another, nearer home, sets up for Paris.
Our Betts, at last, wou'd ev'n to Rome extend,
But that the Pope has prov'd our Trusty Friend.
Indeed, it were a Bargain worth our Money,
Cou'd we insure another Ottoboni.
Among the rest there are a sharpening Sett,
That pray for us, and yet against us Bert :
Sure Heav'n itself is at a loss, to know
If these wou'd have their Pray'rs be heard, or no :
For in great Stakes, we piously suppose,
Men pray but very faintly they may lose.
Leave off these Wagers ; for in Conscience speaking,
The City needs not your new Tricks for Breaking :
And if you Gallants lose, to all Appearing
You'll want an Equipage for Volunteering ;
While thus, no Spark of Honour left within ye,
When you shou'd draw the Sword, you draw the Guinea.

PROLOGUE.

By Mr. *Sterling*. Spoken by Mr. *Giffard*.

O U R Scenes no soft Italian Air dispense ;
Guiltless of Meaning ; Innocent of Sense :
But lo ! a Feast ! for British Palates fit !
'Tis Purcell's Music, serv'd with Dryden's Wit !
Old Merlin's Ghost Rises with honest Rage
To mend your Taste, and vindicate the Stage :
Superior Magic here enchants your Souls,
And feeble Thrills with manly Charms controuls !
To Night the Sage my raptur'd Breast inspires,
And the Muse labours with the Prophet's Fires !
Hear, Albion's Sons !---by me the shall unfold
What to fam'd Arthur he reveal'd of Old !
Dire Wars shall waste our Realms through various Reigns
Of conqu'ring Saxons and invasive Danes !
Lo ! Civil Rage, and Discord light their Brand ;
See ! the fell Furies half consume the Land !
---What Holy Fires, insatiate to devour !
Religious Butchery ! and Mitred Pow'r !
---But, now---I see---wrapt into distant Times---
(He springs to Light) a Prince to purge our Crimes :
With Regal State to joyn the gen'rous Mind ;
And rise the Benefactor of Mankind !
See, Strife and Faction grin with hideous Yell !
See, the chain'd Monsters shrink within their Cell !
He comes, he comes !----Old Ocean hears the Word,
Smooths his rough Face, and hails his Sovereign Lord !
To other Worlds the British Thunder rolls,
Beholds New Stars, and visits both the Poles !
Now shall fair Commerce, Arts, and Wealth explore,
And her Sails whiten Earth's remotest Shore !
While Heav'n-born Justice breaks Oppression's Bands ;
And lifts her Scales with uninclining Hands !
Let Purple Tyrants the scourg'd Globe deface,
And riot in the Blood of Human Race !
War's Ravage ; Thou, O warlike Prince, restrain !
Be thine the Glories of a Milder Reign !
Guardian, as Arbiter, of Peace restor'd,
Save bleeding Europe from the ruthless Sword !
Of Sacred Liberty great Patron Shine ;
And prove by Godlike Worth the Right Divine !

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>King Arthur.</i>	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Oswald, King of Kent, a Saxon.</i>	Mr. Williams.
<i>Conon, Duke of Cornwall, Tributary to</i>	} Mr. Hodgson.
<i>King Arthur.</i>	
<i>Merlin, a famous Incanter.</i>	Mr. Kynaston.
<i>Osmond, a Saxon Magician.</i>	Mr. Sandford.
<i>Aurelius, Friend to Arthur.</i>	Mr. Alexander.
<i>Albanaet, Captain of Arthur's Guards.</i>	Mr. Bowen.
<i>Guillamar, Friend to Oswald.</i>	Mr. Harris.

W O M E N.

<i>Emmeline, Daughter of Conon.</i>	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Matilda, her Attendant.</i>	Mrs. Richardson.
<i>Philidel, an Airy Spirit.</i>	Mrs. Butler.
<i>Grimbald, an Earthly Spirit.</i>	Mr. Bowman.

Officers and Soldiers, Singers and Dancers.

SCENE in Kent.

M E N.

<i>King Arthur.</i>	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Oswald.</i>	Mr. Giffard.
<i>Conon.</i>	Mr. Havard.
<i>Merlin.</i>	Mr. Rosco.
<i>Osmond.</i>	Mr. W. Giffard.
<i>Aurelius.</i>	Mr. Richardson.
<i>Albanaet.</i>	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Guillamar.</i>	Mr. Hamilton.

W O M E N.

<i>Emmeline.</i>	Mrs. Giffard.
<i>Matilda.</i>	Mrs. Hughes.
<i>Philidel.</i>	Mrs. Hamilton.
<i>Grimbald.</i>	Mr. Lyon.

Officers and Soldiers, Singers and Dancers.

SCENE in Kent.



KING ARTHUR:

O R,

MERLIN the British Inchanter.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Conon, Aurelius, Albanact.

C O N O N.

H E N this is the deciding Day to fix
Great Britain's Scepter in great Arthur's
Hand.

Aur. Or put it in the bold Invader's
Gripe.

Arthur and Oswald, and their different
Fates

Are weighing now within the Scales of Heaven.

Con. In ten set Battles have we driven back
These Heathen Saxons, and regain'd our Earth.
As Earth recovers from an Ebbing Tide,
Her half-drown'd Face, and lifts it o'er the Waves,
From *Severn's* Bank, even to this *Barren-Down*,
Our foremost Men have press'd their fainty Rear,
And not one *Saxon* Face has been beheld;
But all their Backs, and Shoulders have been stuck
With foul dishonest Wounds; Now here, indeed,
Because they have no farther Ground, they stand.

Aur.



8 *MERLIN the British Inchanter.*

Aur. Well have we chose a happy Day for Fight;
For every Man, in course of Time, has found
Some Days are lucky, some unfortunate.

Alb. But why this Day more lucky than the rest?

Con. Because this Day.

Is sacred to the Patron of our Isle;
A Christian, and a Soldier's annual Feast.

Alb. Oh, now I understand you: This is *St. George*
of *Cappadocia's* Day. Well, it may be so, but Faith I
was ignorant; we Soldiers seldom examine the Ru-
brick; and now and then a Saint may happen to slip
by us: But if he be a Gentleman Saint, he will for-
give us.

Con. *Oswald* undoubtedly will fight it bravely.

Aur. And it behoves him well, 'tis his last Stake.
But what manner of Man is this *Oswald*? Have ye
ever seen him? [To *Alb.*

Alb. Ne'er but once; and that was to my Cost too;
I follow'd him too close, and to say the Truth, some-
what uncivilly, upon a Rout: but he turn'd upon
me, as quick and as round, as a chaf'd Boar; and
gave me two Licks a-cross the Face, to put me in
Mind of my Christianity.

Con. I know him well; he's free and open-hearted.

Aur. His Country's Character: That speaks a *German*.

Con. Revengeful, rugged, violently brave;
And once resolv'd, is never to be mov'd.

Alb. Yes, he's a violent Dog; Pox on him.

Con. This was the Character he then maintain'd,
When in my Court, he sought my Daughter's Love;
My fair, blind *Emmeline*.

Alb. I cannot blame him for courting the Heiress
of *Cornwall*: All Heiresses are beautiful; and as blind
as she is, he would have had no blind Bargain of her.

Aur. For that Defeat in Love, he rais'd this War.
For Royal *Arthur* reign'd within her Heart,
Ere *Oswald* moved his Suit.

Con. Ay, now *Aurelius*, you have nam'd a Man;
One, whom besides the Homage that I owe,
As *Cornwall's* Duke, to his imperial Crown,
I wou'd have chosen out, from all Mankind,
To be my sovereign Lord.

Aur.

Aur. His Worth divides him from the Croud of
So born, without Desert to be so born; [Kings:]
Men, set a-loft, to be the Scourge of Heaven;
And with long Arms, to lash the Under-World.

Con. *Arthur* is all that's excellent in *Oswald*;
And void of all his Faults: In Battle brave,
But still serene in all the stormy War,
Like Heaven above the Clouds; and after Fight,
As merciful and kind to vanquish'd Foes;
As a forgiving God. But see, he's here,
And Praise is dumb before him.

Enter King Arthur, reading a Letter, with Attendants.

Arth. [Reading.] Go on, auspicious Prince, the Stars
are kind:

Unfold thy Banners to the willing Wind;
While I, with airy Legions help thy Arms;
Confronting Art with Art, and Charms with Charms.
So *Merlin* writes; nor can we doubt th'Event, [To *Con.*
With Heav'n and you, two Friend; Oh noble *Canon*,
You taught my tender Hands the Trade of War:
And now again you helm your hoary Head,
And under double Weight of Age and Arms,
Assert your Country's Freedom and my Crown:

Con. No more, my Son.

Arth. Most happy in that Name!

Your *Emmeline*, to *Oswald's* Vows refus'd,
You made my plighted Bride:
Your charming Daughter, who like Love, born blind,
Un-aiming hits, with surest Archery,
And innocently kills.

Con. Remember, Son,
You are a General, other Wars require you,
For see the *Saxon* Grofs begin to move.

Arth. Their Infantry embattel'd, square and close,
March firmly on, to fill the middle Space:
Cover'd by their advancing Cavalry.
By Heav'n, 'tis Beauteous Horror:
The Noble *Oswald* has provok'd my Envy.

Enter Emmeline, led by Matilda.

Ha! Now my Beauteous *Emmeline* appears,
A new, but Oh, a softer Flame inspires me:
Even Rage and Vengeance slumber at her Sight.

10 *MERLIN the British Inchanter.*

Con. Haste your Farewel; I'll chear my Troops,
and wait ye. [Exit Conon.]

Em. O Father, Father, I am sure you're here;
Because I see your Voice.

Arth. No, thou mistak'st thy Hearing for thy Sight:
He's gone, my *Emmeline*;
And I but stay to gaze on those fair Eyes,
Which cannot view the Conquest they have made.
Oh Star-light Night, dark only to thyself,
But full of Glory, as those Lamps of Heav'n
That see not, when they shine.

Em. What is this Heav'n, and Stars, and Night
and Day,
To which you thus compare my Eyes and me?
I understand you, when you say you love:
For when my Father clasps my Hand in his,
That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinkl'd;
But when you grasp it, then I sigh and pant,
And something smarts and tickles at my Heart.

Arth. Oh artless Love! where the Soul moves the
Tongue,
And only Nature speaks what Nature thinks!
Had she but Eyes!

Em. Just now you said I had:
I see 'em, I have two.

Arth. But neither see.

Em. I'm sure they hear you then:
What can your Eyes do more?

Arth. They view your Beauties.

Em. Do not I see? You have a Face, like mine,
Two Hands, and two round, pretty, rising Breasts,
That heave like mine.

Arth. But you describe a Woman.
Nor is it Sight, but Touching with your Hands.

Em. Then 'tis my Hand that sees, and that's all one:
For is not Seeing, Touching with your Eyes?

Arth. No, for I see at Distance, where I touch not.

Em. If you can see so far, and yet not touch,
I fear you see my naked Legs and Feet
Quite through my Clothes; pray do not see so well.

Arth.

Arth. Fear not, sweet Innocence :

I view the lovely Features of your Face ;
Your Lips Carnation, your dark shaded Eye-brows,
Black Eyes, and Snow-white Forehead ; all the Colours
That make your Beauty, and produce my Love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal Terms :
I love you dearly, without all these Helps :
I cannot see your Lips Carnation,
Your shaded Eye-brows, nor your Milk-white Eyes.

Arth. You still mistake.

Em. Indeed I thought you had a Nose and Eyes,
And such a Face as mine ; have not Men Faces ?

Arth. Oh, none like yours, so excellently fair.

Em. Then wou'd I had no Face ; for I wou'd be
Just such a one as you.

Arth. Alas 'tis vain t' instruct your Innocence,
You have no Notion of Light or Colours.

[*Trumpets sounds within.*]

Em. Why is not that a Trumpet ?

Arth. Yes.

Em. I knew it.

And I tell you how the Sound on't looks ;
It looks as if it had an angry fighting Face.

Arth. 'Tis now indeed a sharp unpleasant Sound,
Because it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet Ten thousand Foes.

Em. How does so many Men e'er come to meet ?
This Devil Trumpet vexes 'em, and then
They feel about, for one another's Faces ;
And so they meet, and kill.

Arth. I'll tell ye all, when ye have gain'd the Field ;
One Kiss of your fair Hand, the Pledge of Conquest,
And so a short Farewel.

[*Kisses her Hand, and Exit with Aurel. Alb. and Attendants.*]

Em. My Heart and Vows go with him to the Fight:
May every Foe be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their Swords have Eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the Trumpet's Face ;
For that brave Sound upholds my fainting Heart ;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my Part.

[*Exit, led by Matilda.*]

The SCENE represents a Place of Heathen Worship; the three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor, and Freya, placed on Pedestals. *An Altar.*

Enter Oswald and Osmond.

Osmond. 'Tis time to hasten our mysterious Rites ;
Because your Army waits you.

Osmond. Thor, Freya, Woden, all ye Saxon Powers;

[Making three Bows before the three Image.]

Hear and revenge my Father Hengist's Death.

Osmond. Father of Gods and Men, great Woden, hear :
Mount thy hot Courser, drive amidst thy Foes ;
Lift high thy thund'ring Arm, let every Blow
Dash out a mis-believing Briton's Brains.

Oswald. Father of Gods and Men, great Woden hear ;
Give Conquest to thy Saxon Race, and Me.

Osmond. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and spell your Saxons,
With Sacred Runick Rhymes, from Death in Battle,
Edge their bright Swords, and blunt the Britons Darts.
No more, Great Prince, for see my trusty Friend,
Who all the Night has wing'd the dusky Air.

Grimbald, a fierce earthly Spirit, arises.

What News, my Grimbald ?

Grim. I have plaid my Part ;
For I have steel'd the Fools that are to die,
Six Fools, so prodigal of Life and Soul,
That, for their Country, they devote their Lives
A Sacrifice to Mother Earth, and Woden.

Osmond. 'Tis well ; but are we sure of Victory ?

Grim. Why ask'st thou me ?

Inspect their Intrails, draw from thence thy Guesst :
Blood we must have, without it we are dumb.

Osmond. Say, where's thy Fellow-servant, Philidel ?
Why come not he ?

Grim. For, he's a puling Spright.

Why didst thou chuse a tender airy Form,
Unequal to the mighty Work of Mischief ?
His make is flitting, soft, and yielding Atomes ;
He trembles at the yawning Gulph of Hell,
Nor dares approach the Flame, lest he shou'd singe
His gaudy silken Wings.
He sighs when he shou'd plunge a Soul in Sulphur,
As with Compassion touch'd of foolish Men.

Osmond.

Os. What a half-Devil's he?
His Errand was, to draw the Lowland Damps,
And noisom Vapours, from the foggy Fens:
Then, breathe the baleful Stench, with all his Force,
Full on the Faces of our Christned Foes.

Grim. Accordingly he drein'd those marshy Grounds;
And bagg'd 'em in a blue pestiferous Cloud;
Which when he thou'd have blown, the frighted Elf
Espy'd the red Cross Banners of their Host;
And said he durst not add to his Damnation.

Os. I'll punish him at leisure.
Call in the Victims to propitiate Hell.

Grim. That's my kind Master, I shall breakfast on
'em.

*Grimbald goes to the Door, and re-enters with six Saxons
in white, with Swords in their Hands. They range them-
selves three and three in Opposition to each other. The
rest of the Stage is fill'd with Priests and Singers.*

Woden, first to thee,
A milk-white Steed, in Battle won,
We have sacrific'd:

Chor. We have sacrific'd.

Vers. Let our next Oblation be
To Thor, thy thund'ring Son,
Of such another.

Chor. We have sacrific'd.

Vers. A third, (of Friezland Breed was he)
To Woden's Wife, and to Thor's Mother;
And now we have atton'd all three,
We have sacrific'd.

Chor. We have sacrific'd.

2 Voc. The white Horse neigh'd aloud.
To Woden Thanks we render,
To Woden we have vow'd.

Chor. To Woden, our Defender.

[The four last Lines in Chorus.

Vers. The Lot is cast, and Tanfan pleas'd:

Chor. Of mortal Cares you shall be eas'd,
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.
Honour prizing,
Death despising,
Fame acquiring,

By expiring,
 Die, and reap the Fruit of Glory :
 Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.

Verf. 2. I call ye all
 To Woden's Hall ;
 Your Temples round
 With Ivy bound,
 In Goblets crown'd,
 And plenteous Bowls of burnish'd Gold ;
 Where you shall laugh,
 And dance, and quaff
 The Juice, that make the Britons bold.

[The six Saxons are led off by the Priests, in order to
 be sacrific'd.

Osm. Ambitious Fools we are,
 And yet Ambition is a godlike Fault :
 Or rather, 'tis no Fault in Souls born great,
 Who dare extend their Glory by their Deeds.
 Now Britany prepare to change thy State,
 And from this Days begin thy Saxon Date.

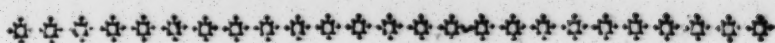
[Exeunt Omnes.

A Battle suppos'd to be given behind the Scenes,
 with Drums, Trumpets, and military Shouts and
 Excursions : After which the Britons, expressing
 their Joy for the Victory, sing this Song of Tritory.

Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound ;
 Come if you dare, the Foes rebound :
 We come, we come, we come, we come.
 Says the double, double, double Beat of the thund'ring Drum.
 Now they charge on amain,
 Now they rally again :
 The Gods from above the mad Labour behold,
 And pity Mankind that will perish for Gold.
 The fainting Saxons quit their Ground,
 Their Trumpets languish in the Sound ;
 They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly ;
 Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.
 Now the Victory's won,
 To the Plunder we run :

We return to our Lasses like fortunate Traders,
 Triumphant with Spoils of the vanquish'd Invaders.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philidel.

PHILIDEL.

AL A S, for Pity, of this bloody Field!
 Piteous it needs must be, when I, a Spirit,
 Can have so soft a Sense of humane Woes!
 Ah! for so many Souls, as but this Morn
 Were cloath'd with Flesh, and warm'd with vital
 But naked now, or shirted but with Air. (Blood,
 [Merlin, with Spirits, descends to Philidel,
 on a Chariot drawn by Dragons.

Mer. What art thou, Spirit? of what Name or Order?
 (For I have view'd thee in my magick Glass,)
 Making thy Moan among the Midnight Wolves,
 That bay the silent Moon: speak, I conjure thee.
 'Tis *Merlin* bids thee, at whose awful Wand,
 The pale Ghost quivers, and the grim Fiend gasps.

Phil. An airy shape, the tend'rest of my Kind,
 The last seduc'd, and least deform'd of Hell;
 Half white, and shuff'd in the Crowd, I fell,
 Desirous to repent, and loth to sin;
 Aukward in Mischief, piteous of Mankind.
 My Name is *Philidel*, my Lot in Air,
 Where next beneath the Moon, and nearest Heav'n,
 I soar, and have a Glimpse to be receiv'd,
 For which the swarthy *Dæmons* envy me.

Mer. Thy Business here?

Phil. To shun the *Saxon* Wizard's dire Commands,
Osmond, the awfull'st Name next thine below.
 'Cause I refus'd to hurl a noisom Fog
 On Christen'd Heads, the Hue and Cry of Hell,
 Is rais'd against me, for a fugitive Spright.

Mer. *Osmond* shall know, a greater Power protects
 But follow thou the Whispers of thy Soul, (thee;
 That draw thee nearer Heav'n.

And, as thy Place is nearest to the Sky,
 The Rays will reach thee first, and bleach thy Soot.

Phil. In hope of that, I spread my azure Wings,
 And wishing still, for yet I dare not pray,

I bak

16 MERLIN, *the British Inchanter.*

I bask in Day-light; and behold with Joy
My Scum work outward. and my Rust wear off.

Mer. Why, 'tis my hopeful Devil; now mark me,
I will employ thee, for thy future Good: (*Philidel*,
Thou know'st, in spite of valiant *Oswald's* Arms,
Or *Osmond's* powerful Spells, the Field is ours —

Phil. Oh Master! hasten

Thy dread Commands; for *Grimbald* is at hand,
Osmond's fierce Fiend; I snuff his earthy Scent:
The conquering *Britons* he misleads to Rivers,
Or dreadful Downfalls of unheeded Rocks;
Where many fall, that ne'er shall rise again.

Mer. Be that thy Care, to stand by falls of Brooks,
And trembling Bogs, that bear a green Sword-show.
Warn off the bold Pursuers from the Chace:
No more, they come, and we divide the Task.
But lest fierce *Grimbald's* pond'rous bulk oppress
Thy tender sitting Air, I'll leave my Band
Of Spirits with united strength to aid thee,
And Force with Force repel.

[*Exit Merlin on his Chariot.* Merlin's Spirits
stay with *Philidel*.]

*Enter Grimbald in the Habit of a Shepherd, follow'd by
King Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanaet, and Sol-
diers, who wander at a distance in the Scenes.*

Grim. Here, this Way, *Britons*, follow *Oswald's* flight.
This Evening as I whistled out my Dog,
To drive my straggling Flock, and pitch'd my Fold,
I saw him dropping sweat, o'er-labour'd, stiff,
Make faintly as he could, to yonder Dell.
Tread in my steps: long Neighbourhood by day
Has made these Fields familiar in the night.

Arth. I thank thee, Shepherd;
Expect Reward, lead on, we follow thee.

Phil. sings. *Hither this Way, this Way bend,
Trust not that malicious Fiend:
Those are false deluding Lights,
Wasted far and near by Sprights.
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive ye;
And in Bogs and Marshes leave ye.*

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this Way, this Way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This Way, this Way bend.*

Phil.

MERLIN, the British Inchanter. 17

Phil. sings. If you step, no danger 'thinking,
Down you fall a furlong sinking :
'Tis a Fiend who has annoy'd ye ;

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. This way, this way bend.

Philidel's Spirits. Trust not that malicious Fiend.

Grimbald's Spirits. Trust me, I am no malicious Fiend.

Philidel's Spirits. Hither this way, &c.

Con. Some wicked Phantom, Foe to human Kind,
Misguides our steps.

Alba. I'll follow him no further. [despite.

Grimb. speaks. By Hell she sings 'em back, in my
I had a Voice in Heav'n, ere sulph'rous steams
Had damp'd it to a Hoarseness : but I'll try.

He sings. Let not a Moon-born Elf mislead ye
From your Prey, and from your Glory,
Too far, alas, he has betray'd ye :
Follow the Flames, that wave before ye :
Sometimes Sev'n, and sometimes One ;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

II.

See, see, the footsteps plain appearing,
That way Oswald chose for flying :
Firm is the Turf and fit for bearing,
Where yonder pearly dews are lying.
Far he cannot hence be gone ;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

Aur. 'Tis true, he says ; the footsteps yet are fresh
Upon the sod, no falling dew-drops have
Disturb'd the Print. [All are going to follow Grimb.

Philidel sings. Hither this way.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. This way, this way bend.

Philidel's Spirits. Trust not that malicious Fiend.

Grimb. Spirits. Trust me, I am no malicious Fiend.

Philidel's Spirits. Hither this way, &c.

[They all incline to Philidel.

Grim. speaks. Curse on her Voice, I must my Prey
Thou, Philidel, shalt answer this, below. (forego ;

[Grimbald sinks with a flash.

18 MERLIN the British Inchanter.

Arth. At last the Cheat is plain ;
The Cloven-footed Fiend is vanish'd from us ;
Good Angels be our Guides, and bring us back.

Phil. singing. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

And me. And me. And me. And me.

Verf. 2 Voc. *And Green-Sword all your way shall be.*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

Verf. No Goblin or Elf shall dare to offend ye.

Chor. No, no, no, &c.

No Goblin or Elf shall dare to offend ye.

Verf. 3 Voc. *We Brethren of Air,*

You Heroes will bear

To the Kind and the Fair that attend ye.

Chor. *We Brethren, &c.*

(Philidel and the Spirits go off singing, with King Arthur and the rest in the middle of them.

Enter Emmeline led by Matilda. Scene, Pavilion.

Em. No News of my dear love, or of my father ?

Mat. None, Madam, since the gaining of the Battel:
Great *Arthur* is a Royal Conqueror now ;
And well deserves your Love.

Em. But now I fear

He'll be too great, to love poor silly me.
If he be dead, or never come again,
I mean to die : But there's a greater Doubt,
Since I ne'er saw him here,
How shall I meet him in another World ?

Mat. I have heard something, how two Bodies meet ;
But how Souls join, I know not.

Em. I should find him,
For surely I have seen him in my Sleep ;
And then methought, he put his Mouth to mine,
And eat a thousand Kisses on my Lips.
Sure by his Kissing I could find him out,
Among a thousand Angels in the Sky.

Mat. But what a kind of Man do you suppose him ?

Em. He must be made of the most precious Things,
And I believe his Mouth, and Eyes, and Cheeks,
And Nose, and all his Face, are made of Gold.

Mat.

Mat. Heav'n blefs us, Madam, what a face you make him !

If it be yellow, he muft have the Jaundice,
And that's a bad Difease.

Em. Why then do Lovers give a thing fo bad
As gold, to Women, whom fo well they love ?

Mat. Because that bad thing, gold, buys all good things.

Em. Yet I muft know him better : of all Colours,
Tell me which is the pureft, and the foftest.

Mat. They fay 'tis black.

Em. Why then, fince gold is hard, and yet is precious,

His face muft all be made of foft, black gold.

Mat. But. Madam——

Em. No more ; I have learn'd enough for once.

Mat. Here are a Crew of *Kentifh* lads and lasses,
Wou'd entertain ye, till your Lord's Return,
With Songs and Dances, to divert your Cares.

Em. O bring 'em in,
For tho' I cannot fee the Songs I love 'em ;
And love, they tell me, is a dance of hearts:

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

First Shepherd fings.

*How blest are the Shepherds, how happy their Lasses ;
While Drums and Trumpets are founding Alarms !*

Over our lowly Sheds all the Storm paffes ;

And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.

All the Day on our Herds, and Flocks employing :

All the Night on our Flutes, and in Enjoying.

Chor. *All the Day, &c.*

II.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended,

Let not your Days without Pleasure expire ;

Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,

All Men praise you, but none will defire.

Let not Youth fly away without Contenting ;

Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.

Chor. *Let not Youth, &c.*

(Here the Men offer their flutes to the Women, which they refuse,

2 Shepherdess.

*Shepherd, Shepherd, leave Decoying,
Pipes are sweet, a Summer's Day ;
But a little after Toying,
Women have the Shot to pay.*

II.

*Here are Marriage-Vows for signing,
Set their Marks that cannot write :
After that, without Repining,
Play and welcome, Day and Night.*

[Here the Women give the Men Contracts, which they accept.

Chor. } *Come, Shepherds, lead up a lively Measure ;*
of all. } *The Cares of Wedlock, are Cares of Pleasure ;*
But whether Marriage bring Joy, or Sorrow,
Make sure of this Day, and hang To-morrow.

[The Dance after the Song, and Exeunt Shepherds and Shepherdesses. [mar.

Enter on the other side of the Stage, Oswald, and Guilla-
Osw. The Night has wilder'd us ; and we are fall'n
Among their foremost Tents.

Guil. Ha ! what are these !

They seem of more than vulgar Quality.

Em. What Sounds are those ? They cannot far
Where are we now, Matilda ? [be distant :

Mat. Just before your Tent.

Fear not, they must be Friends, and they approach.

Em. My Arthur, speak, my Love ; are you return'd
To bless your Emmeline ?

Osw. (to Guilla.) I know that Face :

'Tis the ungrateful Fair, who scorning mine,
Accepts my Rival's Love : Heav'n, thou'rt bound-
Thou ow'st me nothing now. (teous,

Mat. Fear grows upon me :

Speak what you are ; speak, or I call for Help.

Osw. We are your Guards. (Voice:

Mat. Ah me ! We are betray'd ; 'tis Oswald's

Em. Let 'em not see our Voices, and then they
not find us.

Osw. Passions in Men oppress'd are doubly strong.

I take her from King Arthur ; there's Revenge :

If she can love, she buoys my Sinking Fortunes :

Good

Good Reasons both: I'll on — fear nothing,
You shall be safe. (Ladies,

(Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matil.

Em. and Matil.) Help, help! a Rape, a Rape!

Osw. By Heav'n ye injure me; tho' force is us'd,
Your Honour shall be sacred.

Em. Help, help, Oh Britons help.

Osw. Your Britons cannot help you.

This Arm, thro' all their Troops, shall force my
Yet neither quit my Honour nor my Prey. (way;

(*Exeunt, the Women still crying.*

(*An alarm within: Some Soldiers running over
the Stage: Follow, follow, follow.*

Enter Albanaet Captain of the Guards, with Soldiers.

Alb. Which way went th' Alarm?

1 Sol. Here, towards the Castle. (hauch'd.

Alb. Pox o' this Victory; the whole Camp's de-
All drunk or whoring: this way, follow, follow, (Ev.
(*The alarm renews: Clashing of Swords within for a while.*

Re-enter Albanaet, Officer and Soldiers.

Offic. How sits the Conquest on great Arthur's Brow?

Alb. As when the Lover with the King is mixt,
He puts the gain of Britain in a Scale,
Which weighin' with the Loss of Emmeline,
He thinks he's scarce a Saver. (Trumpets within.

Offic. Hark! a Trumpet!

It sounds a Parley.

Alb. 'Tis from Oswald then,

An Eccho to King Arthur's friendly Summons,
Sent since he heard the Rape of *Emmeline*,

To ask an Interview [Trumpet answering the other

Offic. But hark! already [side.

Our Trumpet makes reply; and see both present.

*Enter Arthur on one side attended, Oswald on the other
with Attendants, and Guillamar. They meet and salute.*

Arth. Brave Oswald! We have met on friendlier
Companions of a War, with common Interest (Terms
Against the bordering *Picts*: But Times are chang'd,

Osw. And I am sorry that those times are chang'd:
For else we now might meet on Terms as friendly.

Arth. If so we meet not now, the fault's your own;
For you have wrong'd me much. *Osw.*

Osw. Oh you wou'd tell me,
I call'd more *Saxons* in, t'enlarge my Bounds :
If those be Wrongs, the War has well redress'd ye.

Arth. Mistake me not, I count not War a Wrong :
War is the Trade of Kings, that fight for Empire :
And better be a Lion than a Sheep.

Osw. In what, then, have I wrong'd ye ?

Arth. In my Love.

Osw. Even Love's an Empire too ; the noble Soul,
Like Kings, is covetous of single Sway.

Arth. I blame ye not, for loving *Emmeline* :
But since the Soul is free, and Love is Choice,
You should have made a Conquest of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Person by a Rape.

Osw. Whether by force, or stratagem, we gain ;
Still gaining is our End, in War or Love.
Her Mind's the Jewel, in her Body lock'd ;
If I would gain the Gem, and want the Key,
It follows I must seize the Cabinet :
But to secure your fear, her Honour is untouch'd.

Arth. Was Honour ever safe in brutal Hands ?
So safe are lambs within the lion's paw ;
Ungrip'd and plaid with, till fierce hunger calls,
Then Nature shews itself ; the close-hid nails
Are stretch'd, and open'd, to the panting Prey.
But if, indeed, you are so cold a lover ———

Osw. Not cold, but honourable.

Arth. Then restore her :

That done, I shall believe you honourable.

Osw. Think'st thou I will forgo a Victor's Right ?

Arth. Say rather, of an impious Ravisher.
That Castle, were it wall'd with Adamant,
Can hide thy head but till to-morrow's dawn.

Osw. And ere to-morrow I may be a God,
If *Emmeline* be kind : but kind or cruel,
I tell thee, *Arthur*, but to see this day,
That heavenly face, tho' not to have her mine,
I would give up a hundred years of life,
And bid Fate cut to-morrow.

Arth. It soon will come, and thou repent too late :
Which to prevent, I'll bribe thee to be honest.
Thy noble head, accusom'd to a Crown,

Shall

Shall wear it still, nor shall thy hand forget
The Sceptre's use: from *Medway's* pleasing stream,
To *Severn's* Roar, be thine;

In short, restore my Love, and share my Kingdom.

Osw. Not tho' you spread my sway from *Thames*
to *Tyber*:

Such gifts might bribe a King, but not a Lover.

Arth. Then pr'thee give me back my Kingly Word
Pass'd for thy safe Return; and let this hour,
In single combat, hand to hand, decide

The fate of Empire, and of *Emmeline*.

Osw. Not that I fear do I decline this combat;
And not decline it neither, but defer:

When *Emmeline* has been my Prize as long

As she was thine, I dare thee to the duel.

Arth. I nam'd your utmost term of life; to-

Osw. You are not Fate. [morrow.

Arth. But Fate is in this Arm.

You might have made a Merit of your Theft.

Osw. Ha! Theft! your guards can tell I stole

Arth. Had I been present ——— (her not.

Osw. Had you been present, she had been mine

Arth. There lies your way. (more nobly.

Osw. My way lies where I please.

Expect (for *Oswald's* Magick cannot fail)

A long To-morrow, ere your Arms prevail:

Or if I fall, make room ye blest above,

For one who was undone, and dy'd for love.

[Exit *Oswald* and his Party.

Arth. There may be one black Minute ere To-

(morrow:

For who can tell, what power, and lust, and charms,

May do this night? to Arms, with speed, to Arms.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Arthur*, *Conon*, and *Aurelius*.

CONON.

Furl up our Colours, and unbrace our Drums;
Dislodge betimes; and quit this fatal coast,

Arth. Have we forgot to conquer?

Arth.

24 MERLIN, *the British Inchanter.*

Aur. Cast off Hope :

Th'im battl'd Legions of fire, air, and earth,
Are banded for our foes.

For going to discover, with the Dawn,
Yon Southern Hill, which promis'd to the Sight
A Rise more easy to attack the fort,
Scarce had we stept on the forbidden ground,
When the Woods shook, the Trees stood bristling up ;
A living trembling nodded thro' the leaves.

Arth. Poplars, and Aspen-boughs, a panick fright.

Con. We thought so too, and doubled still our pace,
But strait a rumbling sound, like bellowing winds,
Rose and grew loud ; confus'd with howls of
wolves,

And grunts of bears ; and dreadful hiss of snakes ;
Shrieks more than human ; globes of hail pour'd
down

An armed Winter, and inverted Day.

Arth. Dreadful indeed !

Aur. Count then our labour's lost ;
For other Way lies none, to mount the Cliff,
Unless we borrow Wings, and sail thro' Air.

Arth. Now I perceive a Danger worthy me.
'Tis *Osmund's* Work, a band of hell-hir'd Slaves :
Be mine the hazard, mine shall be the fame.

*(Arthur is going out, but is met by Merlin, who
takes him by the Hand, and brings him back.)*

Enter Merlin.

Mer. Hold, Sir, and wait Heav'n's Time, th'
Attempt's too dangerous :
There's not a Tree in that enchanted grove,
But number'd out, and given by Tale to fiends :
And under every leaf a Spirit couch'd.
But by what Method to dissolve these Charms,
Is yet unknown to me.

Arth. Hadst thou been here, (for what can
thwart thy Skill ?
Nor *Emmeline* had been the boast of *Oswald* ;
Nor I, foreward, been wanting to her guard.

Con. Her darken'd eyes had seen the light of
Heav'n ;
That was thy Promise too, and this the Time.

Mer.

Mer. Nor has my Aid been absent, tho' unseen,
With friendly guides in your benighted Maze :
Nor *Emmeline* shall longer want the Sun.

Arth. Is there an End of Woes ?

Mer. There is, and sudden.

I have employ'd a subtle airy Spright
T'explore the Passage, and prepare my Way.
Myself, mean time, will view the Magick Wood,
To learn whereon depends its Force.

Con. But *Emmeline*——

Mer. Fear not : This Vial shall restore her Sight.

Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impossible
To *Merlin's* Art ?) to be myself the Bearer,
That with the Light of Heav'n she may discern
Her Lover first.

Mer. 'Tis wondrous hazardous ;
Yet I foresee th' Event, 'tis fortunate.
I'll bear ye safe, and bring ye back unharm'd :
Then lose not precious Time, but follow me.

(*Exeunt omnes, Merlin leading Arthur.*)

S C E N E, *A Deep Wood.*

Enter Philidel.

Phil. I left all safe behind ;
For in the hindmost Quarter of the Wood,
My former Lord, grim *Osmond* walks the Round :
Calls o'er the names, and schools the tardy Sprights.
His Absence gives me more Security.
At every Walk I pass'd, I drew a Spell :
So that if any Fiend, abhorring Heav'n,
There sets his Foot, it rots him to the Ground.
Now cou'd I but discover *Emmeline*,
My Task were fairly done.

[*Walking about, and prying between the Trees.*]

*Enter Grimbald rushing out : He seizes Philidel, and
binds him in a Chain.*

Grim. O Rebel, have I caught thee !

Phil. Ah me ! What hard Mishap !

Grim. What just Revenge !

Thou miscreant Elf, thou Renegado Scout,
So clean, so furbish'd, so renew'd in White,
The Livery of our Foes : I see thee thro' :
What mak'st thou here ? Thou trim Apostate, speak.

D

Thou

Thou shak'st for fear, I feel thy false Heart pant.

Phil. Ah mighty *Grimbald*,
Who would not fear, when seiz'd in thy strong gripe!

But hear me. Oh renown'd, oh worthy Fiend,
The favourite of our Chief.

Grim. Away with falsome flattery,
The food of fools; thou know'st where last we met,
When but for thee, the Christians had been swallow'd

In quaking Bogs, and living sent to Hell.

Phil. Ay, then I was seduc'd by *Merlin's* Art,
And half persuaded by his soothing Tales,
To hope for Heav'n; as if eternal Doom
Could be rever'd, and undecreed for me;
But I am now set right.

Grim. Oh still thou think'st to fly a Fool to Mark.

Phil. I fled from *Merlin*, free as Air that bore me,
T'unfold to *Osmond* all his deep Designs.

Grim. I believe nothing: Oh thou fond Impostor,
When wert thou last in Hell? Is not thy Name
Forgot, and blotted from th' infernal Roll?
But since thou say'st, thy Errand was to *Osmond*,
To *Osmond* shalt thou go: March, know thy Driver.

Phil. (*Kneeling*) Oh spare me *Grimbald*, and I'll
be thy Slave:

Tempt Hermits for thee, in their holy Cells,
And Virgins in their Dreams.

Grim. Canst thou, a Devil, hope to cheat a Devil?
A Spy; why that's a Name abhorr'd in Hell.
Haste, forward, forward, or I'll goad thee on
With Iron Spurs.

Phil. But use me kindly then:
Pull not so hard, to hurt my airy Limbs;
I'll follow thee unforc'd: look, there's thy way.

Grim. Ay, there's thy way indeed; but more for
Surety
But follow decently. (*Grim. goes out, dragging Phil.*)

Phil. So, catch him Spell. (*Aside.*)

Grim. (*within.*) Oh help me, help me, *Philidel*.

Phil. Why, what's the Matter?

Grim.

Grim. Oh, I am ensnar'd ;
Heav'n's Birdlime wraps me round, and glues my wings.

Loose me, and I will free thee :
Do, and I'll be thy Slave.

Phil. What, to a Spy, a Name abhorr'd in Hell?

Grim. Do not insult, oh, oh, I grow to ground ;
The fiery Net draws closer on my Limbs.

Phil. Thou shalt not have the Ease to curse in Torments :

Be dumb for one half Hour : so long my Charm
Can keep thee silent, and there lie
Till *Osmond* breaks thy Chain.

(*Philidel unbinds his own Fetters.*

Enter to him Merlin, with a Vial in his Hand, and Arthur.

Mr. Well hast thou wrought thy Safety with Wit.
My *Philidel* ; go meritorious on :

Me other Work requires, to view the Wood,
And learn to make the dire Inchantments void.

Mean time attend King *Arthur* in my Room ;
Shew him his love, and with these sovereygn Drops
Restore her Sight. (*Exit Merlin, giving a Vial to Phil.*

Phil. We must work, we must haste ;

Noon-Tide Hour is almost past.

Sprights that glimmer in the Sun,
Into Shades already run.

Osmond will be here, anon.

Enter Emmeline and Matilda, at the far end of the Wood.

Arth. O yonder, yonder she's already found :
My Soul directs my sight, and flies before it.

Now, gentle Spirit, use thy utmost Art ;
Unseal her Eyes ; and this way lead her steps.

(*Arthur withdraws behind the Scene.*

(*Emmeline and Matilda come forward to the Front.*

Philidel approaches *Emmeline*, sprinkling some of the
Water over her Eyes, out of the Vial.

Phil. Thus, thus I infuse

These Sovereign Dews.

Fly back, ye Films that cloud her Sight ;

And you, ye crystal Humours bright,

Your noxious Vapours purg'd away,

Recover, and admit the Day.

*Now cast your Eyes abroad, and see
All but me.*

Em. Ha ! What was that ! Who spoke ?

Mat. I heard the Voice ; 'tis one of *Osmond's* Fiends.

Em. Some blessed Angel sure ; I feel my Eyes
Unseal'd, they walk abroad, and a new World
Comes rushing on, and stands all gay before me.

Mat. Oh Heavens ! Oh Joy of Joys ! she has her
Sight !

Em. I am new-born ; I shall run mad for Pleasure.

[Staring on Mat.]

Are Women such as thou ? Such glorious Creatures ?

Arth. *[Aside.]* Oh how I envy her, to be first seen !

Em. Stand farther ; let me take my fill of Sight.

[Looking up.]

What's that above, that weakens my new Eyes,
Makes me not see, by seeing ?

Mat. 'Tis the Sun.

Em. The Sun ! 'tis sure a God, if that be Heav'n :
Oh ! if thou art a Creature, best and fairest,
How well art thou, from Mortals so remote,
To shine, and not to burn, by near Approach !
How hast thou lighten'd even my very Soul,
And let in Knowledge by another Sense !
I gaze about, new-born to Day and thee ;
A Stranger yet, an Infant of the World !
Art thou not pleas'd, *Matilda* ? Why like me,
Dost thou not look and wonder ?

Mat. For these Sights
Are to my Eyes familiar.

Em. That's my Joy,
Not to have seen before : For Nature now
Comes all at once, confounding my Delight.
But ah ! what Thing am I ? Fain would I know ;
Or am I blind, or do I see but Half ?
With all my Care, and looking round about,
I cannot view my Face.

Mat. None see themselves *(a Glass.)*
But by Reflection ; in this Glass you may. *(Gives her)*

Em. *(taking the Glass, and look.)* What's this ?
It holds a Face within it : Oh sweet Face !
It draws the Mouth, and smiles, and looks upon me ;
And

And talks ; but yet I cannot hear it speak :
The pretty thing is Dumb.

Mat. The pretty thing,
You see within the Glass, is You.

Em. What am I two ? Is this another Me ?
Indeed it wears my Clothes, has Hands like mine ;
And mocks whate'er I do ; but that I'm sure
I am a Maid, I'd swear it were my Child. (*Matilda*
Look my *Matilda*: We both are in the Glass. (*looks.*
Oh, now I know it plain ; they are our Names,
That peeps upon us there.

Mat. Our Shadows, Madam.

Em. Mine is a prettier Shadow far, than thine.
I love it ; let me kiss my t'other Self.

[*Kissing the Glass and hugging it.*

Alas, I've kiss'd it Dead ; the fine Thing's gone ;
Indeed it kiss'd so Cold, as if 'twere Dying.

[*Arthur comes forward softly ; shewing himself behind her.*]
'Tis here again.

Oh no, this Face is neither mine nor thine ;
I think the Glass has born another Child.

[*She turns and sees Arthur.*

Ha ! what art thou with a new kind of Face,
And other Clothes, a noble Creature too ;
But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy Look ;
Of a comptrolling Eye, majestick Make ?

Mat. Do you not know him, Madam ?

Em. It's a Man !

Arth. Yes, and the most unhappy of my Kind,
If you have chang'd your Love.

Em. My dearest Lord !

Was my Soul blind ; and cou'd not that look out,
To know you, ere you spoke ? Oh Counterpart
Of our soft Sex ; Well are you made our Lords ;
So bold, so great, so Godlike are you form'd.
How can you love such silly Things as Women ?

Arth. Beauty like yours commands ; and Man was
But a more boisterous, and a stronger Slave, (made
To you, the best Delights of human kind.

Em. But are ye mine ? Is there an end of War ?
Are all those Trumpets dead themselves, at last,
That us'd to kill Men with their thundring Sounds ?

Arth.

Arth. The Sum of War is undecided yet ;
And many a breathing Body must be cold.
Ere you are free.

Em. How came ye hither then ?

Arth. By Merlin's Art, to snatch a short-liv'd Bliss ;
To feed my famish'd Love upon your Eyes,
One Moment, and depart.

Em. O Moment, worth
Whole Ages past, and all that are to come !
Let Love-sick Oswald, now unpitied mourn ;
Let Osmond mutter Charms to Sprights in vain,
To make me love him ; all shall not change my Soul.

Arth. Ha ! Does the Inchanter practise Hell upon
Is he my Rival too ? [you ?

Em. Yes, but I hate him ;
For when he spoke, thro' my shut Eyes I saw him ;
His Voice look'd ugly, and breath'd Brimstone on
And then I first was glad that I was blind, (me,
Not to behold Damnation.

Phil. This Time is left me to congratulate
Your new-born Eyes ; and tell you what you gain
By Sight restor'd, and viewing him you love.
Appear, you airy Forms:

(*Airy Spirits appear in the Shapes of Men and Women.*
Man sings. Oh Sight, the mother of Desires,

What charming Objects dost thou yield !

'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,
To see the rosy morning gild

The mountain Tops, and paint the Field !
But when Clorinda comes in Sight,
She makes the Summer's Day more bright
And when she goes away, 'tis Night.

Chor. When Fair Clorinda comes in Sight.

Wom. sings. 'Tis sweet the blushing morn to view ;

And Plains adorn'd with pearly Dew :

But such cheap Delights to see,

Heaven and Nature,

Give each Creature ;

They have eyes, as well as we ;

This is the Joy, all Joys above,

To see, to see,

That only she,

That

That only she we love!

Chor. *This is the joy, all joy: above, &c.*

Man sings. *And if we may discover*

What charms both Nymph and Lover,

'Tis when the Fair at mercy lies.

With kind and amorous Anguish,

To sigh, to look, to languish,

On each other's eyes!

Chor. of all Men and Women.

And if we may discover, &c.

Phil. Break off your Musick; for our foes are
near. *[Spirits vanish.]*

Enter Merlin.

Merl. My Sovereign, we have hazarded too far;
But love excuses you, and prescience me.

Make haste; for *Osmond* is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of Revenge, is hasting home.

Arth. Oh take my Love with us, or leave me here.

Merl. I cannot, for she's held by Charms too
strong:

Which, with th' enchanted grove must be destroy'd;
Till when, my Art is vain: but fear not, *Emmeline*;
Th' Inchanter has no Pow'r on Innocence.

Em. (to *Arth.*) Farewel, since we must part:
when you are gone,

I'll look into my glass, just where you look'd,
To find your face again;

If 'tis not there, I'll think on you so long,
My heart shall make your Picture for my Eyes.

Arth. Where-e'er I go, my Soul shall stay with
'Tis but my shadow that I take away: (thee:
True love is never happy but by halves;
An *April* sun-shine, that by fits appears,
It smiles by moments, but it mourns by years.

[Exit Arthur and Merlin at one door.]

*Enter Osmond at the other door, who gazes on Em-
meline, and she on him.*

Em. Matilda, save me from this ugly Thing,
This Foe to fight: speak; dost thou know him?

Mat. Too well; 'tis *Oswald's* friend, the great
Magician. (I love.

Em. It cannot be a Man, he's so unlike the Man
Osmon.

Osm. (*Aside.*) Death to my eyes, she sees!

Em. I wish I cou'd not; but I'll close my sight,
And shut out all I can ——— It wo't be;
Winking I see thee still, thy odious Image
Stares full into my Soul; and there infects the
My *Arthur* thou'd possess. (Room

Osm. (*Aside.*) I find too late,
That *Merlin* and her lover have been here.
If I was fir'd before when she was blind,
Her eyes dart lightning now, she must be mine:

Em. I pry'thee, dreadful Thing, tell me thy
business here;
And, if thou can'st, reform that odious face;
Look not so grim upon me.

Osm. My name is *Osmund*, and my business love:

Em. Thou hast a grizly look; forbidding what
If I durst tell thee so. (thou ask'st,

Osm. My pent-house eye-brows, and my shaggy
beard

Offend your sight, but these are manly signs;
Faint white and red abuse your expectations:
Be Woman; know your sex, and love full Plea-

Em. Love from a monster, fiend? (sures.

Osm. Come, you must love, or you must suffer
No coyness, none, for I am master here. (love;

Em. And when did *Oswald* give away his Power,
That thou presum'st to rule? be sure I'll tell him:
For, as I am his Prisoner, he is mine.

Osm. Why then thou art a Captive to a Captive.
O'er-labour'd with the fight, oppress'd with thirst,
That *Oswald*, whom you mention'd, call'd for drink:
I mix'd a sleepy potion in his bowl,
Which he and his fool-friend quaff'd greedily:
The happy dose wrought the desir'd effect;
Then to a dungeon's depth I sent both bound:
Where stow'd with Snakes and Adders now they
lodge;

Two planks their beds, slippery with ooze and slime:
The Rats brush o'er their faces with their tails,
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their limbs.
Since when the Garrison depends on me;
Now know you are my slave.

Mat. He strikes a Horrour thro' my Blood.

Em. I freeze, as if his impious Art had fix'd
My Feet to Earth.

Ofm. But Love shall thaw ye.

I'll show his Force in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frosty Winter broods ;
Yet their Love reigns : for Proof, this Magick Wand
Shall change the Mildness of sweet Britain's Clime
To *Ice*land, and the farthest *Thule's* Frost,
Where the proud God, disdaining Winter's Bounds,
O'er-leaps the Fences of Eternal Snow,
And with his Warmth supplies the distant Sun.

*Olmond strikes the Ground with his Wand : The Scene
changes to a Prospect of Winter in Frozen Countries.*

Cupid Descends.

Cup. } What ho, thou Genius of the Clime, what ho !
sings. } Ly'st thou asleep beneath those Hills of Snow ?
Stretch out thy lazy Limbs ; awake, awake,
And Winter from thy farry Mantle shake.

Genius Arises.

Genius. What Power art thou, who from below
Hast made me rise, unwillingly, and slow,
From Beds of everlasting Snow !
See'st thou not how stiff and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,
I can scarcely move, or draw my Breath :
Let me, let me, freeze again to Death.

Cupid. Thou doating Fool forbear, forbear ;
What, dost thou dream of Freezing here ?
At Love's appearing, all the Sky clearing,
The stormy Winds their Fury spare :
Winter subduing, and Spring renewing,
My Beams create a more glorious Year.
Thou doating Fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of Freezing here ?

Genius. Great Love, I know thee now ;
Eldest of the Gods art thou :
Heav'n and Earth by thee were made,
Human Nature
Is thy Creature,
Every where thou art obey'd.

E

Cupid.

Cupid. *No part of my Dominion shall be wast ;
To spread my Sway, and sing my Praise,
Ev'n here I will a People raise,
Of kind embrasing Lovers, and embrac'd.*

Cupid waves his Wand, upon which the Scene
opens, and discovers a Prospect of Ice and Snow
to the end of the Stage,
Singers and Dancers, Men and Women, appear.

Men. *See, see, we assemble,
Thy Revels to hold :
Tho' quiv'ring with Cold,
We chatter and tremble.*

Cupid. *'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye :
In spite of cold Weather,
I've brought you together :
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye.*

Chor. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love, that has warm'd us ;
In spite of cold Weather,
He brought us together ;
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.*

Cupid. *Sound a Parley, ye Fair, and surrender ;
Set your selves, and your Lovers at ease ;
He's a grateful Offender
Who Pleasure dare seize :
But the whining Pretender
Is sure to displease.*

II.

*Since the Fruit of Desire is Possessing,
'Tis unmanly to Sigh and Complain :
When we kneel for Redressing,
We move your Disdain :
Love was made for a Blessing,
And not for a Pain.*

A Dance; after which the Singers and Dancers
depart.

Em. *I cou'd be pleas'd with any one but thee,
Who entertain'd my Sight with such gay Shows,
As Men and Women moving here and there ;
That coursing one another in their Steps,
Have made their Feet a Tune*

Osm. *What Coying it again !
No more ; but make me happy to my Gust,
That is, without your Struggling.*

(Em.)

Run scouting thro' the Wood, from Tree to Tree,
And look if all my Devils were on Duty :
Hadst thou perform'd thy Charge, thou tardy
Spright,

Thou wouldst have known no Danger threaten'd
Grim. When did a Devil fail in Diligence? (me.

Poor Mortal, thou thyself art overseen ;
I have been there, and thence I bring this News,
Thy fatal Foe, great *Arthur*, is at hand ;
Merlin has ta'en his Time while thou wert absent
T' observe thy Characters, their Force, and Nature,
And counterwork thy Spells.

Osm. The Devil take *Merlin* ;
I'll cast them all a-new, and instantly,
All of another Mould ; be thou at hand.
Their Composition was, before, of Horror ;
Now they shall be of Blandishment, and Love ;
Seducing Hopes, soft Pity, tender Moans :
Art shall meet Art : and, when they think to win,
The Fools shall find their Labour to begin.

(*Exeunt Osm. and Grimb.*)

Enter Arthur, and Merlin at another Door.

Scene of the Wood continues.

Merl. Thus far it is permitted me to go ;
But all beyond this Spot is fenc'd with Charms :
I may no more, but only with Advice.

Arth. My Sword shall do the rest.

Merl. Remember well, that all is but Illusion ;
Go on ; good Stars attend thee.

Arth. Doubt me not.

Merl. Yet in prevention
Of what may come, I'll leave my *Philidel*
To watch thy Steps, and with him leave my Wand ;
The Touch of which no earthy Fiend can bear,
In whate'er Shape transform'd, but must lay down
His borrow'd Figure, and confess the Devil.

Once more Farewel, and prosper. [*Ex. Merlin.*]

Arth. (walking.) No Danger yet, I see no Walls of
No City of the Fiends, with forms obscene, (fire,
To grin from far on flaming Battlements.
This is indeed the Grove I should destroy ;

But

But where's the Horror ? Sure the Prophet err'd.
Hark ! Musick, and the warbling Notes of Birds ;
(Soft Musick.

Hell entertains me, like some welcome Guest.
More wonders yet ; yet all delightful too,
A Silver Current to forbid my Passage,
And yet t'invite me, stands a golden Bridge :
Perhaps a Trap, for my unwary Feet
To sink and whelm me underneath the Waves ;
With fire or water, let him wage his War,
Or all the Elements at once ; I'll on.

As he is going to the Bridge, two Syrens arise from the water: they shew themselves to the waste, and sing.

I Syren. O pass not on, but stay,
And waste the joyous Day
With us in gentle Play :
Unbend to love, unbend thee:
O lay thy Sword aside,
And other Arms provide ;
For other wars attend thee,
And sweeter to be try'd.

Chor. For other wars, &c.

Both sing. Two Daughters of this aged Stream are we ;
And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for thee :
Come bathe with us an Hour or two,
Come naked in, for we are so ;
What Danger from a naked Foe ?
Come bathe with us, come bathe, and share
What Pleasures in the Floods appear :
We'll beat the Waters till they bound,
And circle, round, around, around,
And circle round, around.

Arth. A lazy Pleasure trickles thro' my Veins ;
Here could I stay, and well be cozen'd here.
But Honour calls ; is Honour in such haste ?
Can it not bait at such a pleasing Inn ?
No ; for the more I look, the more I long :
Farewel, ye fair Illusions ; I must leave ye,
While I have Pow'r to say, that I must leave ye.
Farewel, with half my Soul I stagger off ;
How dear this flying Victory has cost,
When if I stay to struggle, I am lost.

As he is going forward, Nymphs and Sylvens come out from behind the trees. A bass and two trebles sing the following Song to a Minuet.

Dance with a Song, all with branches in their hands.

Song. *How happy the lover,
How easy his chain,
How pleasing his pain,
How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain.
For love every creature
Is form'd by his nature ;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.*

The Dance continues with the same measure
play'd alone.

II.

*In vain are our graces,
In vain are your eyes,
If love you despise ;
When age furrows faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short blessing,
That flies in possessing :
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.*

Arth. And what are these fantastick fairy joys,
To love like mine ? false joys, false welcomes all.
Be gone, ye Sylvan trippers of the green ;
Fly after Night, and overtake the Moon.

[Here the Dancers, Singers, and Syrens vanish.]
This goodly Tree seems Queen of all the grove.
The ringlets round her trunk declare her guilty
Of many Midnight Sabbaths revell'd here.
Her will I first attempt.

[Arthur strikes at the tree, and cuts it ; blood spouts out of it, a groan follows, then a shriek.]
Good Heav'ns, what monstrous prodigies are these !
Blood follows from my blow ; the wounded rind
Spouts on my sword, and sanguine dyes the plain.

[He

[He strikes again: A voice of Emmeline from behind.

Em. [from behind.] Forbear, if thou hast pity,
ah, forbear!

These groans proceed not from a senseless plant,
No spouts of blood run welling from a tree.

Arth. Speak what thou art; I charge thee speak
thy being:

Thou that hast made my curdled blood run back,
My heart heave up, my hair to rise in bristles,
And scarcely left a voice to ask thy name.

[Emmeline breaks out of the tree,
showing her arm bloody.

Em. Whom thou hast hurt, unkind and cruel,
Look on this blood, 'tis fatal, still, to me, (see;
To bear thy wounds, my heart has felt 'em first.

Arth. 'Tis she; Amazement roots me to the
ground! (bower,

Em. By cruel charms, dragg'd from my peaceful
Fierce Osmond clos'd me in this bleeding bark;
And bid me stand expos'd to the bleak winds,
And winter-storms, and Heav'n's inclemency,
Bound to the fate of this Hell-haunted grove;
So that whatever sword, or sounding ax,
Shall violate this plant, must pierce my flesh,
And, when that falls, I die——

Arth. If this be true,
O never, never to be ended charm,
At least by me; yet all may be illusion.
Break up ye thickning foggs, and filmy mists,
All that be-ly my sight, and cheat my sense.
For Reason still pronounces, 'tis not she,
And thus resolv'd——

[Lifts up his sword, as going to strike.

Em. Do, strike, Barbarian, strike;
And strew my mangl'd limbs, with every stroke.
Wound me, and doubly kill me, with unkindness,
That by thy hand I fell.

Arth. What shall I do, ye Powers? (here:

Em. Lay down thy vengeful sword; 'tis fatal
What need of arms, where no defence is made?
A love-sick virgin, panting with desire,
No conscious eye t' intrude on our delights;

For

For this thou hast the *Sirens'* Songs despis'd ;
 For this, thy faithful Passion I reward ;
 Haste then, to take me longing to thy arms.

Arth. O love ! O *Merlin* ! whom should I believe ?

Em. Believe thyself, thy youth, thy love, and me ;
 They only, they, who please themselves, are wise :
 Disarm thy hand, that mine may meet it bare.

Arth. By thy leave, Reason, here I throw thee off,
 Thou load of life : if thou wert made for souls,
 Then souls should have been made without their
 If, falling for the first created fair, (bodies.
 Was *Adam's* fault, great Grandfire, I forgive thee ;
 Eden was lost, as all thy sons would lose it,

[*Going towards Emmeline, and pulling off his Gauntlet.*

Enter Philidel running.

Phil. Hold, poor deluded Mortal, hold thy hand ;
 Which if thou giv'st, is plighted to a fiend.
 For proof, behold the virtue of this wand ;
 Th' infernal paint shall vanish from her face,
 And Hell shall stand reveal'd.

[*Strikes Emmeline, with a wand, who straight
 descends : Philidel runs to the descent, and
 pulls up Grimbald, and binds him.*

Now see to whose embraces thou wert falling.
 Behold the Maiden Modesty of *Grimbald*,
 The grossest, earthiest, ugliest Fiend in Hell.

Arth. Horror seizes me.

To think what headlong Ruin I have tempted.

Phil. Haste to thy work ; a noble stroke or two
 Ends all the Charms, and disenchants the Grove.
 I'll hold thy Mistress bound.

Arth. Then here's for earnest ;

[*Strikes twice or thrice, and the tree falls,
 or sinks : A peal of Thunder immediately
 follows, with dreadful howlings.*

'Tis finish'd, and the dusk that yet remains,
 Is but the native Horror of the Wood.

But I must lose no time ; the pass is free ;
 Th' unroofed fiends have quitted this abode ;
 On yon proud towers, before this day be done,
 My glittering banners shall be wav'd against the
 setting-sun.

(*Exit Arthur.*

Phil.

MERLIN, *the British Inchanter.* 41

Phil. Come on, my surly slave; come stalk along,
And stamp a Madman's pace, and drag thy chain.

Grim I'll champ and foam upon't, till the blue
venom

Work upward to thy hands, and loose their hold.

Phil. Know'st thou this pow'rful wand? 'tis
lifted up;

A second stroke wou'd send thee to the centre,
Benumb'd and dead, as far as souls can die.

Grim. I wou'd thou wou'd'st, to rid me of my sense:
I shall be whoop'd thro' Hell, at my return
Inglorious from the Mischief I design'd. (*light,*

Phil. And therefore since thou loath'st *ethereal*
The morning sun shall beat on thy black brows;
The breath thou draw'st shall be of upper air,
Hostile to thee, and to thy earthy make;
So light, so thin, that thou shalt starve for want
Of thy gross food, till gasping thou shalt lie,
And blow it back all sooty to the sky.

(*Ex. Philidel, dragging Grimbald after him.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Osmond as affrighted.

O S M O N D.

Grimbald made Prisoner, and my Grove de-
stroy'd!

Now what can save me—— Hark, the Drums
and Trumpets!

(*Drums and Trumpets within.*

Arthur is marching onward to the fort,
I have but one Recourse, and that's to *Oswald*;
But will he fight for me, whom I have injur'd?

No, not for me, but for himself he must;

I'll urge him with the last necessity,

Better give up my Mistress than my Life.

His force is much unequal to his rival;

True; —— but I'll help him with my utmost art,
And try t'unravel Fate. (*Exit Osmond.*

F

Enter,

*Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact,
and Soldiers.* (more ;

Con. Now there remains but this one labour
And if we have the hearts of true-born Britons,
The forcing of that Castle crowns the day.

Aur. The works are weak, the garrison but thin,
Dispirited with frequent overthrows,
Already wavering on their ill-mann'd walls.

Alb. They shift their places oft, and skulk from
Sure signs of pale Despair, and easy Rout ; (war,
It shews they place their confidence in Magick,
And when their Devils fail, their hearts are dead.

Arth. Then, where you see 'em clust'ring most,
in motion, (home ;
And staggering in their ranks, there press 'em
For that's a coward heap — How's this, a fally ?

*Enter Oswald, Guillamar, and Soldiers on the
other side.*

Beyond my hopes, to meet 'em on the Square.

Osw. Brave Britons hold ; and thou their famous
Chief, (Advancing.

Attend what *Saxon Oswald* will propose.

He owns your victory ; but whether owing
To valour, or to fortune, that he doubts.

If *Arthur* dares ascribe it to the first,
And singl'd from a croud, will tempt a conquest,
This *Oswald* offers, let our troops retire,
And hand to hand let us decide our strife :
This if refus'd, bear witness Earth and Heav'n,
Thou steal'st a Crown and Mistress undeserv'd.

Arth. I'll not usurp thy title of a Robber.
Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd
This single Combat, which thou didst avoid ;
So glad I am, on any terms to meet thee,
And not discourage thy repenting shame.
As once *Aeneas* my fam'd Ancestor,
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutlian* bands,
Fought for a Crown, and bright *Lavinia's* Bed ;
So will I meet thee, hand to hand oppos'd :
My auguring mind assures the same success. (yield,
(To his Men.) Hence out of view ; if I am slain, or
Re-

Renounce me, Britons, for a Recreant Knight;
And let the Saxons peacefully enjoy
His former footing in our famous isle.
To ratify these terms, I swear ——

Osw. You need not;
Your Honour is of force, without your Oath.
I only add, that if I fall, or yield,
Yours be the Crown, and Emmeline.

Arth. That's two Crowns.
No more; we keep the looking Heav'ns and Sun
Too long in expectation of our arms.

(Both Armies go off the Stage.)

*They fight with sponges in their hands, dipp'd in blood :
after some equal passes and closing, they appear both
wounded: Arthur stumbles among the trees, Os-
wald falls over him, they both rise; Arthur
wounds him again, then Oswald retreats. Enter
Osmond from among the trees, and with his wand,
strikes Arthur's Sword out of his hand, and Exit.
Oswald pursues Arthur. Merlin enters, and
gives Arthur his Sword, and Exit; they close,
and Arthur in the fall, disarms Oswald.*

Arth. Confess thyself o'ercome, and ask thy life.

Osw. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy

Arth. Then take it as my gift. (power.

Osw. A wretched gift,

With loss of Empire, Liberty and Love.

(A Consort of Trumpets within, proclaiming
Arthur's Victory; while they sound, Ar-
thur and Oswald seem to confer.

'Tis too much bounty to a vanquish'd foe;
Yet not enough to make me fortunate.

Arth. Thy Life, thy Liberty, thy Honour safe,
Lead back thy Saxons to their ancient Elb:
I would restore thee fruitful Kent, the gift
Of Vortigern for Hengist's ill-bought aid,
But that my Britons brook no foreign Power,
To lord it in a land, sacred to Freedom,
And of its Rights tenacious to the last.

Osw. Nor more than thou hast offer'd would I
I would refuse all *Britain*, held in Homage ; (take;
And own no other Masters but the Gods.

Enter on one side, Merlin, Emmeline, and Matilda.

*Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, with British Soldiers,
bearing King Arthur's Standard display'd. On the o-
ther side, Guillamar, and Osmond, with Saxon
Soldiers, dragging their Colours on the Ground.*

(Arth. going to Emme. and embracing her.

Arth. At length, at length, I have thee in my
Arms ;

Tho' our malevolent Stars have struggled hard,
And held us long asunder.

Em. We are so fitted for each other's Hearts,
That Heav'n had err'd, in making of a third,
To get betwixt, and intercept our Loves.

Osw. Were there but this, this only Sight to see,
The Price of *Britain* shou'd not buy my Stay.

Mer. Take hence that Monster of Ingratitude,
Him who betray'd his Master, bear him hence ;
And in that loathsome Dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd noble *Oswald*.

Osm. That indeed is the fittest for me.
For there I shall be near my Kindred Fiends,
And spare my *Grimbald's* Pains to bear me to 'em.

(Is carried off.

Mer. [to *Arth.*] For this Day's Palm, and for thy
former Acts,

Thy *Britain* freed, and foreign Force expell'd,
Thou, *Arthur*, hast acquir'd a future Fame,
And of three Christian Worthies, art the first :
And now at once, to treat thy Sight and Soul,
Behold what rolling Ages shall produce :

The Wealth, the Loves, the Glories of our Isle,
Which yet like Golden Ore, unripe in Beds,
Expect the warm Indulgency of Heav'n

To call 'em forth to Light—— *(Triumphs ;*
(To Osw.) Nor thou, brave *Saxon* Prince, disdain our

Britons and *Saxons* shall be once one People ;
One common Tongue, one common Faith shall bind
Our jarring Bands, in a perpetual Peace.

[*Merlin waves his Wand ; the Scene changes, and dis-*
covers]

MERLIN the British Inchanter. 45

covers the British Ocean in a Storm. Æolus in a Cloud above : Four Winds hanging, &c.

ÆOLUS singing.

*Ye blust'ring Brethren of the Skies,
Whose Breath has ruff'd all the watry Plain.
Retire, and let Britannia rise,
In Triumph o'er the Main.*

*Serene and calm, and void of Fear,
The Queen of Islands must appear ;
Serene and calm, as when the Spring
The new-created World began,
And Birds on Boughs did softly sing
Their peaceful Homage paid to Man ;
While Eurus did his Blasts forbear,
In favour of the tender Year.*

*Retreat, rude Winds, retreat
To hollow Rocks, your stormy Seat ;
There swell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.*

Æolus ascends, and the four Winds fly off. The Scene opens, and discovers a calm Sea, to the end of the House. An Island arises, to a soft Tune ; Britannia seated in the Island, with Fishermen at her Feet, &c. The Tune changes, the Fishermen come ashore, and dance a while ; after which, Pan and a Nereid come on the Stage, and sing.

*Pan and Nereid sing,
Round thy Coasts, fair Nymph of Britain,
For thy Guard our waters flow :
Proteus all his Herd admitting,
On thy Greens to graze below :
Foreign Lands thy Fishes tasting,
Learn from thee luxurious Feasting.*

Song of three Parts.

*For folded Flocks, on fruitful Plains,
The Shepherds and the Farmers Gains,
Fair Britain all the world outvies ;
And Pan, as in Arcadia reigns,
Where Pleasure mixt with Profit lies.*

II.

*The Jason's Fleece was fam'd of old,
The British wool is growing Gold ;*

*No mines can more of wealth supply :
It keeps the Peasant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the Tyrian Dye.*

[The last Stanza sung over again betwixt Pan and the Nereid. After which the former Dance is varied, and goes on.

Enter *Comus* with three Peasants, who sing the following Song in Parts.

Com. Your Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is reap'd ;
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd
Come, my Boys, come ;
Come, my Boys, come ;
And merrily roar out Harvest Home ;
Harvest Home,
Harvest Home ;
And merrily roar out Harvest Home.

Chor. Come, my Boys, come, &c.

1 Man. We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him again,
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten ?
One in Ten,
One in Ten ;
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten ?

Chor. One in Ten,
One in Ten ;
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten ?

2 Man. For prating so long like a Book-learn'd Sot,
Till Pudding and Dumpling burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot ;

Till Pudding and Dumpling burn to Pot.

Chor. Burn to Pot, &c.

3 Man. We'll toss off our Ale till we canno' stand,
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England :
Old England,
Old England ;

And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England.

Choir. Old England, &c.

(The Dance vary'd into a round Country-Dance.

Enter

Enter Venus.

Venus. Fairest Isle, all Isles excelling,
Seat of Pleasures and of Loves;
Venus here will chuse her Dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian Groves.

II.

Cupid, from his Fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons Passion,
And Despair that dies for Love.

III.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

IV.

Every Swain shall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in Beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for Love.

SONG by Mr. HOWE.

I.

She. You say, 'tis Love creates the Pain,
Of which so sadly you complain;
And yet wou'd fain engage my Heart
In that uneasy cruel Part;
But how, alas! think you, that I
Can bear the Wound of which you die?

II.

He. 'Tis not my Passion makes my Care,
But your Indiff'rence gives Despair:
The lusty Sun begets no Spring,
Till gentle Show'rs Assistance bring:
So Love that scorches and destroys,
Till Kindness aid, can cause no Joys.

III.

She. Love has a thousand Ways to please,
But more to rob us of our Ease;
For wakeful Nights, and careful Days,
Some Hours of Pleasure he repays;

But

*But Absence sooner, jealous Fears,
O'erflow the Joys with Floods of Tears.*

IV.

He. *By vain and senseless Forms betray'd,
Harmless Love's th' Offender made ;
While we no other Pains endure,
Than those, that we ourselves procure :
But one soft moment makes amends
For all the Torment that attends.*

V.

Chorus of Both.

*Let us love, let us love, and to happiness haste ;
Age and Wisdom come too fast :
Youth for loving was design'd.*

He alone. *I'll be constant, you be kind.*

She alone. *You be constant. I'll be kind.*

Both. *Heav'n can give no greater blessing
Than faithful love, and kind possessing.*

(After the Dialogue, a warlike Confort : The
Scene opens above, and discovers the Or-
der of the Garter.

Enter Honour, attended by Heroes.

Merl. *These who last enter'd, are our valiant
Britons,*

*Who shall by Sea and Land repel our Foes.
Now look above, and in Heav'n's high Abyss,
Behold what Fame attends those future Heroes.
Honour who leads 'em to that steepy Height,
In her immortal Song, shall tell the rest.*

HONOUR sings.

I.

*St. George, the Patron of our Isle,
A Soldier, and a Saint,
On that auspicious Order smile,
Which Love and Arms will plant ;*

II.

*Our Natives not alone appear
To court this Martial Prize ;
But Foreign Kings, adopted here,
Their Crowns at home despise.*

III.

Our Sovereign High, in awful State,
His Honours shall bestow ;
And see his Scepter'd Subjects wait
On his Commands below

(A full Chorus of the whole Song : After which
the grand Dance.

Arth. (to Merl.) Wisely you have, whate'er will
please, reveal'd ;

What wou'd displease, as wisely have conceal'd :
Triumphs of War and Peace, at full ye show,
But swiftly turn the Pages of our Woe.

Rest we contented with our present State ;
'Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate.

That Race of Heroes is enough alone
For all unseen Disasters to atone.

Let us make haste betimes to reap our Share,
And not resign them all the Praise of War.

But set th'Example ; and their Souls inflame,
To copy out their great Forefathers Fame.



Alterations upon the Revival of this
O P E R A, viz.

Pag. 7. A C T II. Scene draws, and dis-
covers *Merlin*.

I must, I will be watchful for the State of Bri-
tain !

In Honour to a long Illustrious Race,
Whose future Glory rises to my View.

And see that Fantom whose uncertain Look
Demands Inspection and my Art commands.

What art thou Saint, of what Name and Order,
Arth.

Pag. 29, Line 25th. *Merlin*, thus to *Arthur*.

And Lo, it opens to my wondrous View
 A glorious Scene of future Amity :
 After the toils of long intestine War
 Of Crowns subjected, and Religion chang'd
 A Scaffold blushing with the Blood of Kings
 A Reign of many Tyrants——Restoration,
 New Woes again——an abdicated King
 A glorious Stranger——born for Reformation
 And Britain's Peace——and Lo a little forward
 Where from the German shore a stately Horse
 Advances joining to our British Lyon
 England date thence the whitest Hour of State,
 Thence in a gay successive Order shine
 Peace and her golden Train——nor can the Eye
 Of long Futurity foresee a Change
 But happiness must last time Decay.

(*Waves his Hand.*

Pag. 32. After the Song, *Honour*, thus
 to *Arthur*.

Nor thou, brave *Saxon* Prince, disdains our Tri-
 umphs,
Britons and *Saxons* shall become the People,
 One common Tongue, one common Faith shall
 bind
 Our Tarring Bands, in a perpetual Peace.

E P I L O G U E.

By Mr. Dryden. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

I'VE had to Day a Dozen Billet-Deux,
 From Fops, and Wits, and Cits, and Bowstreet-
 Beaux ;
 Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple more ;
 A Covent-Garden Porter brought me four.

I have

EPILOGUE.

*I have not yet read all : but without feigning,
We Maids can make shrewd Guesses at your Meaning.
What if, to shew your Styles, I read 'em here ?
Methinks I hear one cry, O Lord, forbear :
No, Madam, no ; by Heav'n, that's too severe.
Well then, be safe —*

*But swear henceforwards to renounce all Writing,
And take this Solemn Oath of my Inditing,
As you love Ease, and hate Campaigns and
Fighting.*

*Tot, Faith, 'tis just to make some few Examples :
What if I shew'd you one or two for Samples ?*

*Here's one desires my Ladyship to meet (Pulls out one.
At the kind Couch above in Bridget-Street.
Oh sharpening Knife ! that wou'd have you know what,
For a poor Sneaking Treat of Chocolate.*

*Now, in the Name of Luck, I'll break this open,
Because I dreamt last Night I had a Token ;
Pulls out another.*

*The Superscription is exceeding pretty,
To the Desire of all the Town and City.
Now, Gallants, you must know this precious Fop,
Is Foreman of a Haberdasher's-Skop :
One who devoutly cheats ; demure in Carriage ;
And courts me to the Holy Bands of Marriage ;
But with a Civil Innuendo too,
My Overplus of Love shall be for you.*

*Madam, I swear your Looks are so Divine, [Reads.
When I set up, your Face shall be my Sign ;
Tho' Times are hard : to shew how I adore you,
Here's my whole Heart, and half a Guinea for
you.*

*But have a care of Beaux, they're false, my Honey ;
And, which is worse, have not one Rag of Money.*

*See how maliciously the Rogue would wrong ye ;
But I know better Things of some among ye.
My wisest Way will be to keep the Stage,
And trust to the Good-Nature of the Age :
And he that likes the Musick and the Play,
Shall be my Favourite-Gallant to-day.*

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. *Sterling*. Spoken by Mrs. *Giffard*.

WHich of us, think ye, Ladies, was most blind?
I, in my Eyes ; or Arthur in his Mind ?
He wish'd a Wife might see! nay more—assur'd me,
That had I been born dumb,—he wou'd have cur'd
Good natur'd Hero! most convenient Suitor! [me!
No Conjuror! tho' Merlin was his Tutor! (he stor:
Women, who've Tongues, tho' blind, have Pow'r to
And without Eyes may read a Curtain Lecture!
But—had I never got my Sight—what then?
Is there no way—but one—to come at Men ;
Faith! Spouse shou'd know, when in a Mood for
I had not lost my noble Sense of feeling; (Billing,
Touch grows acuter, by the Loss of sight :
And Eyes in Bed—can give us no Delight !

To my Good Man, now mark, what fine Excuses
I might have fram'd, for conjugal Abuses ;
“ Indeed ! My Dove ! (for thus I'd take my cue)
“ Indeed ! I thought the filthy Man was You !
“ Sure 'twas your Voice, and -so, without resistance
“ I but Injoy'd my Dearest—at a Distance !
Thus while he fought for fame in Saxon Quarrels ;
Perhaps, he might wear Horns instead of Lawrels!
Well !—Spite of all this Rout to Night, sure no
In spells, and potent Arts can vie with Woman! [Man
For, charm'd to her enchanted Circle, woo her :
You'll find the Devils themselves are Asses to her !
Tho' Sight, Taste, Smell, gross Touch, and Hearing
Ladies their Loss by a Sixth Sense Supply ! (die,
Our *Magna Charta* that ! for Sages say,
This *tour fout prote* and never will decay !

But Raillery apart !—in this bless'd Isle,
How many shining Sorceresses Smile,
Your Power to night exert, Ye generous fair ;
And prove what lovely Witchcraft triumphs there.
'Tis Yours our Merlin on the Stage to save,
(A Royal Name protects him in his Cave)
Awe yon rash Critics if rude Censures rise,
By the resistless Magic of your Eyes.

F I N I S.

